

crafting gun control legislation, our country is based on the premise that enforcement of our fundamental rights cannot be haphazard. Our Founding Fathers fought for the individual liberties we all enjoy—among them, the right to possess firearms. This right, along with the freedom of the press or the privilege against self-incrimination, must not be dismissed or diluted.

As a hunter and gun rights advocate, I applauded the Supreme Court for its decision. I look forward to continuing my work in Congress to protect the integrity of the Second Amendment.

IN HONOR OF THE SERVICE OF  
JOHN LANCASTER

**HON. STENY H. HOYER**

OF MARYLAND

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 10, 2008*

Mr. HOYER. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the life and work of a historic figure in my community, Mr. John Lancaster, who passed away on July 1st at the age of 90.

John Lancaster was a man of principle and deep devotion to his community. As the first elected African-American county commissioner in the history of St. Mary's County, Maryland, Mr. Lancaster was certainly a political trailblazer. Breaking that barrier was indeed astonishing. John believed that he was accountable to all in the community as he simply but eloquently once said "I was a commissioner serving all people."

Perhaps the most important issue to John was education. A local official in my community recently dubbed him as the "education commissioner" and many regarded him as a mentor in education policy. As commissioner, John could not sit idly as public schools were decaying in front of him. Today, because of his efforts and foresight, education is a very important issue in St. Mary's County, and students are learning in first class facilities.

John Lancaster was the personification of hard work and optimism. In face of discrimination he pressed forward. Mr. Lancaster will certainly be remembered as an example for those who dare to dream the impossible. I would like to offer my condolences to his loving family, as we mourn the loss of an extraordinary person.

TRIBUTE TO RAYMOND THAYER  
DONOVAN

**HON. JOHN B. LARSON**

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 10, 2008*

Mr. LARSON of Connecticut. Madam Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a dear friend and mentor of mine, Raymond Thayer Donovan, who passed away on May 10, 2008. A World War II vet and engaged civic leader, Ray stood at the center of Connecticut politics. I, along with the entire State, mourn this great loss. It is with great honor that I submit for the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD remarks made at his funeral by Kevin Brown and myself. Through these words, we remember the life and spirit of a truly great man.

KEVIN BROWN

First and foremost, I'd like to thank Louise and the family for the honor of being able to say a few words today in remembrance of Raymond. Like so many of you, I loved him very much.

I know that Raymond would have wanted me to be brief. For his sake, I will try. But it won't be easy. When Shelley called and asked me to speak today she told me that the family thought that I might be someone who could best tell Raymond's story. Try as I might, I couldn't do it. I felt like I was telling my story.

You see, all of my memories of Raymond are about what he did for me, how he helped shape my life, what he taught me, and the example he set. I finally realized that telling Raymond's story is so hard because it was never about him; it was always about the people in his life. Raymond was the most unselfish person I've ever met. For him, it was never about power, recognition, success or wealth. His greatest source of satisfaction came from helping others. He was never out front claiming the credit. He moved through the world without making any noise but his fingerprints were everywhere. He was always encouraging. He made us feel appreciated and a part of something.

More importantly, Raymond had this unique capacity to gaze at a room full of people and sense who was feeling left out, who was drifting from the group and who needed to be touched. Without us ever realizing why, he would suddenly appear as you turned to leave. And he would ask you to stay, telling you how smart you were, how much you were needed, and how proud he was of you. And once he knew you were back in the fold, he'd disappear just as suddenly and be on his way to make someone else feel important and wanted. And he did this without ever asking you to follow him. Quite to the contrary, he'd try to convince you to lead on the promise that he would follow. It was his reassurance that made so many of us confident to take such bold steps in our lives.

In fact, of one thing I am sure: Raymond never saw himself as a leader. If the truth be told, he was a shepherd. Someone who guided so many people through the journey of life, showing us the way and watching over us, making sure that, if possible, no harm came to us. And when we stumbled or fell, he was there to pick us up, dust us off and send us back on our way.

Whether it was his family or the Lions Club, the fourth district, the folks at Latimere Point, his co-workers at the State Capitol, or for that matter, anyone who knew him. Raymond was their shepherd, that silhouette of a man off on the hillside watching over us. A man who gave much and asked for so little; and someone who taught us the power of humility, integrity, and forgiveness.

Being a shepherd can be lonely. Standing watch can be a heavy burden. Every shepherd needs a star to guide them, a point in the distance, ever true, to fix upon, to draw strength from, and point the way. Raymond had Louise. She was his North Star and he knew he was her knight in shining armor. She was his greatest source of strength and her unconditional love was his greatest reward in life. Together, they helped us all endure our moments of doubt and enjoy ourselves along the way.

The last time that Raymond and I spoke was last year at a wonderful memorial service that my sister held for my mom in Saybrook. As always, Raymond was smiling and so happy to see me. He told me how proud he was of me and what a wonderful person I was. He spoke fondly of how wonderful my mom was and what a great job she did

raising us. This morning, I thought how ironic it was for that to be the last time I'd see Raymond. I realized that so many people go through the journey of life and never have a shepherd to watch over them. And I had two: Raymond and my mom.

Raymond, I hope that this wasn't too long!! I tried to tell your story as briefly as I could. And Raymond, I want you to know I've made the journey this far with your help and without you, I might surely have lost my way.

JOHN LARSON

A great light went out of our lives, and created an indescribable void and pang that only the warm memory of such a wonderful man can console us. On behalf of U.S. Senator Dodd and myself, it was an honor to fly a flag over the United States Capitol in memory of this Navy Veteran, elected official, and public servant. Ray Donovan's life defined civic commitment, love of country, and love of family.

My father will be gone 20 years this October. Ray and he were great friends. Ray Donovan made sure in my father's absence that he took time to share with me and my brothers and sisters the fond memories about my father. As all of my family can attest, Ray was a man of letters, a great writer, and conveyor of sentimentality and the human condition. His letters would always give you pause and make you reflect. In those letters he never failed to mention some anecdote about Dad and how proud he would be. He went out of his way to honor us, by honoring the memory of our father, and his friend. I am humbled to be asked to remember him today.

I heard of Ray and Louise Donovan long before I ever met them. Growing up in East Hartford, Democratic politics played a huge roll. For me, they were lessons learned at my mother's knee. They were, after all, the generation who elected John Kennedy. . . . The Donovans were kitchen table conversation at the Larson's house long before I ever met them in person.

My mother would talk of Ray Donovan in the most respectful tone. What a gentleman! What a thoughtful, intelligent man! What a loyal and good friend! What patience, what a calming force!

Through Mom's eyes and words we learned of a man who seemed like John Forsythe, Jimmy Stewart, and Ozzie Nelson rolled up into one. He did not disappoint. . . .

Louise and Ray . . . like . . . well . . . Tracey and Hepburn; Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers, or as we say in East Hartford, Herb and Reggie; Burns and Allen; Ricky and Lucy; Bill and Hillary, or Nikki and Bill: take your pick . . . in East Hartford; it was Louise and Ray, the political power couple of the day! Louise, unafraid to assert her view and giving new meaning to the word candor, Ray, diplomatic and ever gracious. They were quite a team. Whether it was Democratic politics, the Lion's Club, cookouts at Latimer Point, or serving the clam chowder at Bocce, they were inseparable.

They were at the epicenter of the Democratic Party in its hey-day in East Hartford. I still can recall the elegance and class of the dances on Founder's Plaza, under the moonlight, overlooking the Connecticut River and the Hartford skyline. Yet the most coveted invitation in town was the afterglow party at Walter Place! What a wonderful time it was, what a wonderful couple they made. If you close your eyes, you can still see the gala of that night unfold. Jimmy Fitz was at his zenith, Dick & Terry Blackstone, Timmy & Rosemary Moynihan, Ann & Toni Fornibi, Larry & Joe Delponte, Dick & Peg Torpey, Frank & Shirley, John & Ellie Fitzgerald, Gigi & Tony Roberto, Ray & Pauline, Rita &

Don, Julie & Herb . . . and at the center of it all, Ray and Louise. I can still hear the music and laughter echoing into the summer's night.

I always got a kick out of the fact that Paul Landerman's Orchestra would play at the dance and Paul Maynard, a Republican Councilman, and good friend of many Democrats, was playing in the band as the Democrats tore up the pavement to "In the Mood." It was the coming out party of the year.

Shelley, Kevin, Sue Maynard, Paul's daughter, and I were all classmates in high school when our parents served on the town council. It's an awkward thing when your parents are in office in some respects. It was a different time, perhaps because we Democrats had a 4-1 registration advantage, but it seemed like Republicans and Democrats just got along better. I know for Shelley, Susan and myself, we might have given the eye roll at the mention of their elected office, but we respected their service and were proud of them.

My Dad and Ray drove back and forth to work at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft in North Haven for several years. They had a lot in common; both were Navy Veterans serving on the aircraft carriers, for my Dad, the Franklin and for Ray, the Midway. Both were firefighters in the Navy, both worked at tool and dye shops after the war. Both married well, and their families were the center of the universe.

They were, however, different. Ray and Raymond, the R&R Express. Try to imagine riding in that car with Dad and Ray. It would be like listening to a conversation between Archie Bunker and Fred McMurray. Ray Donovan, more urbane, sophisticated and measured; Dad, a little rough around the edges. Dad preferred baseball caps, flannel shirts and playing the organ at the Elks to Ray's shirt, tie and occasional sweater, and service to the Lions. Ray loved the dialogue, the give and take of politics, while Dad was skeptical of the whole process. One thing my father wasn't skeptical of, though, was the honesty and decency of Ray Donovan. My father loved Ray Donovan, their companionship, and their camaraderie during those trips back and forth to North Haven fortified the unique bond they shared. What I would give for a tape recording of those journeys. It would be prime material for a Normal Lear comedy.

I have a feeling, though, Dad was one of the first to greet Ray as they embark on another journey. It's a safe bet they picked up the conversation where they left off, catching up on their families.

Much has been written of their generation. Ray epitomized what has rightfully been called the Greatest Generation, and represents all that is rich about the lives our parents led. A child of the Depression, a veteran of the World War, a builder of a community, who selflessly served the Democratic Party, as Forth District Chairman, member of the Board of Education, the Town Council, and the Lion's Club, and the V.F.W. Proud of his Irish heritage and proud to be called a Democrat! Ray was a devoted husband, loving father and enduring friend. I was never around him when he didn't talk about his family or ask about mine.

Ray Donovan was more than an advisor or mentor. Those well-meaning words don't do him justice. He led by his example. He was the listening ear, the sympathetic heart, the person of firm resolve and conviction, patient and willing to forgive, the calm, assured inward strength that formed a constant you know that was there for you.

What he did for me and all who sought his council was lead by example. No task was beneath him, no person nor cause not worthy

of his effort. He met everyone with a welcoming smile, an outstretched hand, and always a word of encouragement that was his trademark.

He never spoke of material possession. What others saw as life's benchmarks of success, new cars or homes, never interested him. I never heard him speak ill of anyone, he was a source of positive energy whose approval you sought and wanted.

It is said that we stand on the shoulders of other who have come before us. Ray Donovan's shoulders were broad enough for all of us to stand upon. Emerson wrote what most men led lives of quiet desperation and go to the grave with a song still in them. Ray Donovan led a life that was resolute and content, his song and life was one of quiet inspiration. An inspiration that was contagious because it came by way of his own example. I heard him say often of many people but never with such pride as when he would say of Louise with a broad smile and quiet satisfaction, "Isn't that Louise something." We pause today to say, "Wasn't that Ray something." We miss you. We love you. Say hi to Dad for me.

#### REMEMBERING THE INNOCENT LOST DURING SREBRENICA GENOCIDE

#### HON. RUSS CARNAHAN

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 10, 2008*

Mr. CARNAHAN. Madam Speaker, this Friday, July 11, 2008 marks the 13th anniversary of the Srebrenica genocide in Bosnia.

I rise today to express my deepest sympathy for, and in remembrance of the victims this horrible genocide in Bosnia, which lasted from 1992–1995.

The most infamous episode in this genocide was the massacre of Bosnians led personally by General Ratko Mladic at the United Nations-declared "safe haven" of Srebrenica in eastern Bosnia in July, 1995.

We should remember all of the innocent people who were brutally killed by honoring their lives and remembering their struggle for freedom during the three-year conflict in Srebrenica, a city in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

I would also like to honor the memory of victims in places less well-known: in Kozarac, Prijedor and Banjaluka in northwestern Bosnia.

This conflict was the largest massacre and genocide of civilians in Europe since World War II.

In my district, I am proud to say that I have one of the largest Bosnian American populations in the United States. Of the tens of thousands of my Bosnian American constituents, upwards of 5,000 are survivors of the Srebrenica genocide.

As a Representative of many Bosnian-American friends in St. Louis, I understand that this tragedy continues to affect many of my constituents. We must commemorate those who died, hold those who are responsible accountable, and honor the brave survivors.

It is important for us to remember this dark chapter in history to learn from it for the benefit of our future generations.

RECOGNIZING COLONEL TIMOTHY RAY, USAF COMMANDER, 7TH BOMB WING, DYESS AIR FORCE BASE

#### HON. RANDY NEUGEBAUER

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 10, 2008*

Mr. NEUGEBAUER. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor a great leader in the 19th District of Texas. America's military has a solid foundation of tradition and heritage handed down from generation to generation. The United States Air Force in particular holds three core values: Integrity, Service Before Self and Excellence in Everything We Do.

While every airman who wears the Air Force uniform is expected to practice those core values, there are a select few that lead by example and rise above all others. For that they are rewarded with one of the military's highest honors—Command.

As Commander of the 7th Bomb Wing, COL Timothy Ray led more than 5,000 men and women in direct response to the Global War on Terrorism. As home to the B-1B Lancer, under Colonel Ray's leadership, Dyess airmen repeatedly sent our enemies running, providing constant vigilance and rapid response backed by overwhelming fire power. In addition, Dyess' C-130 aircrews have done incredible work saving lives by taking soldiers and marines out of the line of fire and into the safety of the air.

As a leader, Colonel Ray has been a stalwart champion of the men and women of Dyess AFB as well as their families. He has also been a great friend to the city of Abilene. His tireless efforts have made Dyess Air Force Base a model installation, especially during a time of war. Colonel Ray worked very hard to set tough energy efficiency conservation standards with the families and airmen first in his mind. His efforts on behalf of the Air Force and the American taxpayer leave Dyess Air Force Base a better place.

I wish Colonel Ray many years of continued success and thank him for his service to this great nation. I join with the city of Abilene and the 19th District of Texas in saying how proud and thankful we are for his leadership. The United States Air Force is blessed to have such a capable leader in COL Timothy Ray.

2008 UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA  
WOMEN'S SOFTBALL TEAM

#### HON. CLIFF STEARNS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 10, 2008*

Mr. STEARNS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor the University of Florida's 2008 Women's softball team for their historic 70–5 winning season. This marks the first time in NCAA history that a team has won 70 games in a single season. The UF Women's softball team has also set many outstanding records this season in hitting, pitching, and fielding, and for the first time in school history, the softball team made it to the semifinals of the Women's College World Series.

In addition to their historic season, the Gators produced five All-American honors